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DUELLING IN GERMANY.

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MARK TWAIN has described and made merry over the duels that are so frequent in the German universities, winked at by the authorities, and never interfered with by the police. If these duels were comparatively harmless, as they are in France, where a scratch and a drop of blood is regarded as sufficient to satisfy honour, they might be passed over with a contemptuous laugh; but when they cost precious lives, they merit the indignant comment of civilised humanity in Europe. An incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, in Baden, calls attention to the entire system and provokes comment.

But before narrating the circumstances, a few words must be said on the societies or voluntary associations entered into by the university students. In a German university there are no colleges, as at Oxford and Cambridge, in which the students reside, and forming a sort of bond holding the men together. The German students live in lodgings, and the only bonds into which they enter towards each other are those voluntarily undertaken when they join a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*. To belong to a *Corps* costs a good deal of money, and entails the obligation of submitting to the code of honour which directs the members when and how to resent injuries real or fancied. The members of the *Burschenschaften* are not bound to duel; they are looked down on by the members of the *Corps* as social inferiors, and are usually men of inferior means or position in life. In the university of Freiburg there are three of these *Corps*, distinguished by their caps—white, red, and yellow, and the cost to each member is not under one hundred pounds per annum. The members of the inferior associations wear caps of other colours—green and purple. Each corps has its officers, its banner, and its insignia, and affairs of honour are regulated in it by an *Ehrengericht* or Court of Honour. It has its code or *Comment*.

Duels are fought even when no provocation has been given; the officers decide that one is to be fought between such-and-such members, no doubt with the object of accustoming them to use their swords, and to keep their hands well in. In such cases, pistols of course are not employed. From the decision of the Court of Honour there is no appeal. The member who refuses to obey its most unreasonable and tyrannical mandates must leave the corps. A student need not belong to either a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*; if he does not, he stands much alone, and is designated a *Wilder*, a Savage, or a Camel.

And now, we cannot better illustrate the working of this system than by narrating an incident of recent occurrence in the university of Freiburg, which exemplifies the utter barbarity and irrationality of the whole system. It was Carnival time, and on Sunday, February 2, 1890, in a Beer hall much frequented by the students, a group of the *Rhenanen* or Red Caps sat at a table drinking beer, and having imbibed quite sufficient to have exhilarated them. At another table some medical students—Purple Caps and 'Savages'—were also drinking, when a friend entered, and desiring a chair, went to the table where were the Red Caps, and finding one there unoccupied, removed it to the table where were the medical students without the usual 'With your leave, gentlemen.' The Red Caps at once fired up, and abused the new-comer, who retorted that he had a right to a chair that was occupied by no one. One of the medical students, a Jew, named Salomon, now rose from the table and endeavoured to stop the quarrel, when one of the Red Caps told him to mind his business, 'Crooked Jew that you are.' A Jew he was, and also crooked, for he had received a sabre-cut some years previously that had severed the tendons of his neck so that he could not turn his head. The insult was gross. Salomon's blood was heated, and he replied that the insolence of the *Rhenanen* was so great that they deserved to have their ears boxed all round.

Next morning the young medical student realised that he had spoken indiscreetly, when he found on his breakfast table three challenges, two with pistols, and one with sabre. On Tuesday he was due for his final examination, having passed which, he would be qualified to practise as a surgeon. He at once sent a request that the duel with sabres might be commuted to one with pistols, as, owing to his crippled condition, he was incapable of fighting with swords. This was allowed. Then he requested that the duel might be postponed till after he had gone through his examination. This was refused. The seconds agreed that the first duel was to be fought on Tuesday morning, February 4, at half-past seven, in a forest near the town, that three shots were to be fired, and that the combatants were to stand at a distance of fifteen paces apart.

Before going to the appointed place of combat, Salomon told his friends that he intended to fire into the air, and it is allowed by all who were present that he did not take aim at his adversary. It must be observed that the chances were against Salomon, as, owing to his stiff neck, he was constrained to stand full front to his opponent, and not, like the latter, sideways. For some inexplicable reason, moreover, contrary to usual custom, breech-loaders were employed instead of muzzle-loaders.

At the first round, Vehring, the adversary of the young Jew, failed to fire, the pistol hanging fire; and Salomon discharged his bullet among the bushes. Vehring can hardly have failed to observe this; nevertheless, at the second round he took such deadly aim that he shot Salomon in the breast; the bullet penetrated the lungs, came out at the back, and wounded the left arm held behind. At the same time Salomon again discharged his bullet among the bushes. Directly Salomon fell, Vehring, concerned only for his own safety, ran away, neglectful of the usual custom of going up to the fallen adversary, asking his forgiveness, and shaking hands; nor did his seconds concern themselves with anything but getting off the ground as fast as their legs could carry them. Incredible as it may seem, the wounded man was left alone in the forest with his second; not one of those who had accompanied his adversary, Vehring, took the trouble to send a litter from the town, so that it was not till five hours after he had been shot that he was conveyed to the hospital at Freiburg, where he was at once attended by the very Professor before whom he was to have appeared that morning for his final medical examination.

From the first, Salomon knew that his condition was hopeless. He died on February 12, and was buried on the following Sunday in the Jewish Cemetery. A large attendance of students, representing the various corps and brotherhoods, showed him honour; but an incident occurred during the procession of the funeral carriages which shows an almost incredible lack of good taste. The Sunday was one of Carnival, and the streets were full of clowns and merry-andrews. One great body of the masqueraders came round the corner of the main street of the town just as the funeral procession entered it. As already said, this was made up of students representing their several societies, in their coloured caps and wearing broad sashes, and in

each carriage one bore the banner of the corps, with crape attached to the head. The coffin is never conveyed in the procession—that is invariably taken the night before to a mortuary near the burial-ground. No sooner did the merry-makers encounter the train of mourners than they surrounded the carriages, cutting capers and casting jokes, that were freely responded to. We observed that in one carriage was a young student hardly escaped from boyhood, holding one of the banners, his face quivering with emotion which he vainly endeavoured to conceal. At the pranks and witticisms of the clowns he attempted to laugh, but the effort was beyond his power, and he burst into a flood of tears.

It is hardly credible that such bluntness of feeling, such levity, such want of good taste, should exist among people whom we regard as civilised. It can hardly be supposed that the masquers were ignorant that this was a funeral procession, for the circumstance of the death of Salomon was well known, and his funeral advertised in the daily papers.

One bold manly voice was raised after the duel to protest against the entire system. A Herr Abel, who has travelled, has made himself a name in literature, wrote an article on the topic in the *Baden Academical paper*, from which we quote a few passages:

‘We cannot let this sad incident pass without comment. What has brought this young and blooming life to such an abrupt termination? What has robbed an old and sick mother of her beloved son? What has deprived mankind of the skill of an able surgeon?—German prejudice, that specially German prejudice which has already been the cause of incalculable misery.

‘Let us consider the circumstances. Here were tipsy students—tipsy at Carnival time. In their cups they insult one another—that is, if drunken men are capable of being insulted. And when, next morning, they come to their senses, they are aware that they have spoken things unbecoming men, and utterly unbecoming gentlemen. But this precious German prejudice steps in and forbids an apology; it converts the sense of honour seated in man into a miserable caricature. Their honour forbids them to admit that they have done wrong, and to seek reconciliation is regarded as “cowardice.” Their honour forbids them to admit that they have acted dishonourably, and orders them to convert the squabble into a fight for life and death, and to submit their case to be decided for them by comrades who have only just put off jackets and put on tails, and these are constituted judges of life and death. Each of the combatants has parents, brothers and sisters, and kinsmen; away with all, away with Christian teaching: what is the care of parents, love of kindred, what is Christian teaching, in comparison with the insult one tipsy man has tossed in the face of another? Honour enacts blood—so stands it in the code, and the code stands above everything else. The compiler of this code of honour, scribbled at a table reeking with stale beer, commands more obedience than the founder of the Christian religion. The law of honour will have it so; away, then, with Christianity, brotherly love, and common morality.

‘Why was no reconciliation effected between

Salomon and the Red Cap? He was a peaceably-disposed man. He would willingly have apologised if an apology had been admissible, although insulted in the grossest manner by a sneer at his race. What merit was it in the Red Cap that he was not himself born a Jew or an Australian negro? Providence orders our lots, and he who scoffs at a man for his place allotted to him scoffs at Divine Providence which set him there.

After some further remarks, the writer appeals—though, he admits, without hope of a favourable answer—to the Emperor to say the word which would put down duelling in the army. If put down there, it would speedily vanish from the universities. But if the Emperor will not speak, then he appeals to the Reichstag to act as has the English parliament, and make duelling punishable as murder when death has ensued. Now, a student who has killed another in fight gets off with what, considering the awfulness of the crime, is but a slight punishment, and public opinion does not condemn him; it may almost be said that it looks upon him as something of a hero.

But the story of Salomon is not quite ended. We learn that the article of Herr Abel has roused the wrath of all the Red Caps in the university, and that he has been challenged by the entire corps, of some thirty men, to fight them one after the other in succession.

It is high time that the opinion of the Christian civilised world outside Germany should be known; the Germans are sensitive to English opinion; it is well, then, that public opinion in England should be loudly expressed in the cause of humanity, to demand the extinction of what is a relic of savagery and is eminently unchristian.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.—FIRE!

It blew fiercely all that night. A mountainous sea was rolling two hours after the first of the gale, amid which the *Countess Ida* lay hove-to under a small storm trysail, making very heavy weather of it indeed. There was a deal to talk about, but no opportunity for conversing. Few were present at the dinner-table, though the sea then running was moderate in comparison with the sickening heights to which it had swelled later on.

And you may add to all this a good deal of consternation amongst us passengers. I had seen some weather in my time, but never the like of such a tossing and plunging bout as this. There were moments, indeed, when one felt it high time to go to prayers: I mean when the ship would lie down on the slant of some prodigious surge until she was hanging by her keel off the slope with her broadside upon the water, as though it were the bottom of her. There were many heave-overs of this sort, every one of which was accompanied by half-stifled shrieks from the cabins, by the sounds of the crash of boxes, unlashed articles, chairs, movable commodities of all kinds rushing with lightning-speed to leeward.

I vividly recall the appearance of the cuddy

at eleven o'clock when the hurricane was nearing its height. The ship was hove-to on the star-board tack, and the lamps in the saloon would sometimes swing over to larboard till their globes appeared to rest against the upper deck. I had managed in some sort to slide down to a sofa on the lee-side; and there I sat looking up at the people to windward as at a row of figures in a gallery.

Heaven knows I was but little disposed to mirth; yet for the life of me I could not refrain from laughter at the miserable appearance presented by most of my fellow-passengers there assembled. Near to the cuddy front, on the windward seats, sat Mr Johnson, with terror very visibly working in his white countenance. His eyes rolled frightfully to every unusually heavy stoop of the ship, and his long lean frame writhed in a manner ludicrous to see, in his efforts to keep himself from darting forwards. Near him was Mr Emmett, who strove to hold himself propped by thrusting at the cushions with his hands, and forking out his legs like a pair of open compasses with the toes stuck into the carpet on the deck, as though he was a ballet dancer about to attempt a pirouette on those extremities. Little Mr Saunders, who had thoughtlessly taken a seat on the weather side, sat with his short shanks swinging high off the deck in the last agonies, as one could see, of holding on. My eye was on him when he slid off the cushion to one of those dizzy heaves of the ship which might have made any man believe she was capsizing. He shot off the smooth leather like a bolt discharged from a cross-tree, and striking the deck, rolled over and over in the manner of a boy coming down a hill. There was nothing to arrest him; he passed under the table and arrived half-dead within a fathom of me; on which I edged along to his little figure and picked him up. He was not hurt, but was terribly frightened.

'What shocking weather, to be sure!' was all he said.

But to end all this: at three o'clock in the morning there was a sensible decrease in the gale. I had fallen asleep in the cuddy, and waking at that hour, and finding but one lamp dimly burning, and the interior deserted, I worked my way to the hatch, groped along to my cabin, and tumbled into my bunk, where I slept soundly till half-past eight. The sun was shining when I opened my eyes: the ship was plunging and rolling, but easily, and in a floating launching manner, that proved her to be sailing along with the wind aft. Colledge was seated in his bunk with his legs over the edge, gazing at me meditatively.

'Awake?' he exclaimed.

'Yes,' said I.

'Fine weather this morning, Dugdale. But preserve us, what a night we've come through, hey? D'ye remember talking of the *fun* of a voyage? Yesterday was a humorous time certainly.'

I sprang out of bed. 'Patience, my friend, patience!' said I; 'this trip will end, like everything else in our world.'

'Ay, at the bottom of the sea, for all one is to know,' he grumbled. 'A rod of land before twenty thousand acres of shipboard, say I.—By

the way, you and Miss Temple looked very happy in each other's company when I peeped out of the hatch yesterday to see what had become of her, at her aunt's request.'

'You should have risen through the deck a little earlier,' said I. 'You would have found her hanging.'

'Hanging!' he cried.

'Oh, not by the neck,' said I.

'What did you do?'

'I rescued her! I seized her by the waist and bore her gloriously to a hencoop.'

'Did you put your arms round her waist?' said he, staring at me.

'I did,' I exclaimed.

He looked a little gloomy, then brightening in a fitful kind of way, he said: 'Well, I suppose you *had* to do it—a case of pure necessity, Dugdale?'

I closed one eye and smiled at him.

'She's a very fine woman,' said he, gazing at me gloomily again. 'I trust you have not been indiscreet enough to tell her that I am engaged to be married?'

'Oh now, my dear Colledge, *don't* let us trifle—*don't* let us trifle!' said I. 'Scarcely have you escaped the risk of being boarded by pirates—the chance of being beheaded by some giant picaroon—of being struck dead by lightning—of foundering in this ship in the small-hours, when round with circus speed sweep your thoughts to the ladies again, and your mouth is filled with impassioned questions. Where's your gratitude for these hairbreadth escapes?' and being by this time in trim for my morning bath, I bolted out of the cabin, laughing loudly, and deaf to his shout of, 'I say, though, *did* you tell her that I was engaged?'

The ocean was a very grand sight. The wind still blew fresh, but as the ship was running with it, it seemed to come without much weight. The sea was flowing in long tall surges of an amazing richness and brilliance of blue, and far and near their foaming heads flashed out to the sunshine in a splendour of whiteness that contrasted most gloriously with the long dark slopes of unbroken water.

I saw Mr Prance on the poop, and having had my bath, stepped aft to exchange a greeting with him.

'The ship appears to have come safely out of last night's mess,' said I.

'It was a real breeze,' he answered; 'nothing suffered but the main-topsail. The *Countess Ida*'s a proper ship, Mr Dugdale. Those who put her together made all allowance, even for her rats. There's some craft I know would have strained themselves into mere baskets in last night's popple. But there was not an inch more of water this morning in the *Countess*'s well than will drain into her in twenty-four hours in a river.'

'And the brig, Mr Prance? I believe I and Miss Temple were the two who saw the last of her.'

'No. Captain Keeling spied her as she swept under our stern,' said he. 'She was on fire; and by this time, I reckon her beautiful hull—and truly beautiful it was, Mr Dugdale—will be represented somewhere around us here by a few charred fragments.'

'Or,' said I, 'even supposing they managed to extinguish the fire, Mr Prance, her one mast with most of its heavy hamper aloft was not going to stand the hurricane very long. So she'll either be a few blackened staves, as you say, or a sheer hulk. And her people?'

'Ah,' exclaimed the chief-mate, fetching a deep breath, 'from eighty to a hundred of them I allow. There's no boat put together by mortal hands could have lived last night.'

'Now, honestly, Mr Prance—do you really believe there was anything of the pirate about that brig?'

'Honestly, Mr Dugdale, I do, sir; and I haven't a shadow of a doubt that if the weather had taken any other turn, if a sailing breeze had sprung up, or the water had held smooth enough for a boating excursion, her people would have put us to our trumps with a good chance of their crippling us and plundering us, to say no more.'

Here the breakfast bell rang, and I rushed to the cabin to complete my toilet for the table.

There was no lack of talk this morning, when the passengers had taken their places. The anxieties of the preceding day and night seemed only to have deepened the purple hue of old Keeling's countenance, and his face showed like the north-west moon in a mist betwixt the tall points of his shirt collars, as he turned his skewered form from side to side answering questions, smirking to congratulations, and bowing to the 'Good-morning, captain,' showered upon him by the ladies. Mr Johnson came to the table with a black eye, and Dr Hemmeridge's forehead was neatly inlaid with an immense strip of his own sticking-plaster, the effect in both cases of the gentlemen having fallen out of their bunks in the night. Colonel Bannister had sprained a wrist, and the pain made him unusually vindictive and aggressive in his remarks. The weather had not apparently served the ladies very kindly. Mrs Hudson presented herself with her wig slightly awry, and her daughter looked as if she had not been to bed for a week. It was hard to realise, in fact, that the pale spiritless young lady with heavy violet eyes looking languidly through their long lashes, which deepened yet the dark shadow in the hollows under them, was the golden, flashful, laughing, coquettish young creature of the preceding morning.

I had made sure of a bow at least from Miss Temple; but I never once caught so much as a glance from her. Yet she was very easy and smiling in her occasional conversation with Colledge across the table. She alone of the women seemed to have suffered nothing from the violent usage of the night that was gone. In faultlessness of appearance, so far as her hair and attire and the like went, she might have stepped from her bedroom ashore after a couple of hours spent with her maid before a looking-glass. Not even a look for me, thought I! not even one of those cold swiftly-fading smiles with which she would receive the greeting of a neighbour or a sentence from the captain!

I was stupid enough to feel piqued—to suffer from a fit of bad temper, in short, which came very near to landing me in an ugly quarrel with Mr Johnson.

'D'ye know, I rather wish *now*,' said this journalist, addressing us generally at one end of the table, but with an air of caution, as though he did not desire the Colonel to hear him, 'that that brig yesterday *had* attacked us. It would have furnished me with an opportunity for a very remarkable sea-description.'

'Tut!' said I, with a sneer; 'before a man can describe he must see; and what would *you* have seen?'

'Seen, sir?' he cried; 'why, everything that might have happened, sir.'

'Amongst the rats perhaps down in the hold. Nothing more to be seen *there*, unless it's bilgewater.'

'Goot!' cried Mynheer Hemskirk. 'It would hav been vonny to combare Meester Shonson's description mit de reality.'

'I will ask you not to question my courage,' said Mr Johnson, looking at me with a face whose paleness was not a little accentuated by his black eye. 'I believe when it came to the scratch I should be found as good as another. *You* would have fought, of course,' he added with a sarcastic sneer at me.

'Yes; I would have fought then, just as I am ready to fight now,' said I, looking at him.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr Prance, in a subdued reprimanding voice, 'the ladies will be hearing you in a minute.'

'You have been a sailor, Dugdale, you know,' remarked Mr Emmett in a satirical tone, 'and might, therefore, have guessed yesterday that either the brig was a harmless trader, or that, supposing her to have been of a piratical nature, she would not attack us.'

'And what then?' cried I, eyeing him hotly.

'Well,' said he, with a foolish grin, 'of course, under those circumstances, a large character for heroism might be earned very cheaply indeed.'

Johnson lay back in his chair to deliver himself of a noisy laugh. His seat was a fixed revolving contrivance, and its one socketed leg might have been injured during the night. Be this as it may, on the journalist flinging himself back with a loud applauding 'Ha! ha!' of his friend Emmett's satiric lit at me, the chair broke, and backward he went with it with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other. Old Keeling started to his feet; the stewards came in a rush to the prostrate man. Those ladies who were near gathered their gowns about them as they watched him plunging in his efforts to extricate himself from the chair. For my part, having breakfasted, and being half-suffocated with laughter, I was glad enough to run away out on deck.

I would not own to myself that the sullen cast of my temper that day was due to Miss Temple; but secretly I was quite conscious that my mood was owing to her, and the mere perception of this was a new vexation to me. For what was this young lady to me? What could signify her coolness, her insolence, her cold and cutting disregard of me? We had barely exchanged a dozen words since we left the Thames. Though my admiration of her fine figure, her haughty face, her dark, tragic, passionate eyes was extravagantly great, it was hidden; she had not divined it; and she was therefore without the influence over my moods and emotions which she might have possessed had I known that she was conscious

how deeply she fascinated me. She would not even give me a chance to thoroughly dislike her. The heart cannot steer a middle course with such a woman as she. Had her behaviour enabled me to hate her, I should have felt easy; but her conduct was of the marble-like quality of her features, hard and polished, and too slippery for the passions to set a footing upon. 'Pshaw!' thought I again and again, as I viciously hammered the ashes out of the bowl of my pipe on the forecastle rail, 'am not I an idiot to be thinking of yonder woman in this fashion, musing upon her, speculating about her—a person who is absolutely as much a stranger to me as any fine lady driving past me in a London Park!' Yet would I repeatedly catch myself stealing peeps at her from under the arch of the courses, hidden as I was right forward in the ship's bows, whilst she was pacing the length of the poop with Mr Colledge, or standing awhile to hold a conversation with her aunt and Captain Keeling, the nobility of her figure and the chilling lofty dignity of her bearing distinctly visible to me all that way off, and strongly defining her amongst the rest of the people who wavered and straggled about the deck.

The wind lightened towards noon; the noble sailing breeze failed us, and sank into a small air off the larboard beam; the swell of the sea went down, but the colour of the brine was still the same rich sparkling blue of the early morning.

It was somewhere about three bells that evening—half-past seven o'clock—that I was standing with Mr Prance at the brass rail that protected the break of the poop, the pair of us leaning upon it, watching a grinning hairy fellow capering in a hornpipe a little abaft the stowed anchor on the forecastle. The one-eyed ape which we had rescued, and which by this time was grown a favourite amongst the seamen, sat low in the foreshrouds, watching the dancing sailor—an odd bit of colour for the picture of the fore-part of the ship, clothed as he was in a red jacket and a cap like an inverted flower-pot, the tassel of it drooping to his empty socket. It was a most perfect ocean evening, the west glowing gloriously with a scarlet sunset, the sea tenderly heaving, a soft warm breathing of air holding the lighter sails aloft quiet. All the passengers were on deck saving Miss Temple, who was playing the piano to herself in the cuddy.

I was in the midst of a pleasant yarn with Mr Prance, whilst we hung over the rail, half watching the jiggling chap forward, and half listening to each other. He was recounting some of his early experiences at sea, with a hint in his manner of lapsing anon into a sentimental mood on his lighting upon the name of a girl whom he had been betrothed to.

All on a sudden the music forward ceased. The fiddler that was working away upon the booms jumped up and peered downwards in the posture of a man snuffling up some strange smell. The fellow that was dancing came to a halt and looked too, walking to the forecastle edge and inclining his ear towards the fore-hatch, as it seemed. He stared round to the crowd of his shipmates who had been watching him, and said something, and a body of them came to where he was and stood gazing.

'What is wrong there?' exclaimed Mr Prance abruptly, breaking off from what he was saying, and sending one of his falcon looks at the fore-castle. 'The pose of that fiddling chap might make one believe he was tasting cholera somewhere about.'

A boatswain's mate came down the fore-castle ladder and went to the fore-hatch, where he paused. Then, with a glance aft, he came right along to the quarter-deck with hurried steps, and mounted the poop ladder, coming to a stand when his head was on a level with the upper deck.

'What is it?' cried Mr Prance.

The fellow answered in a low voice, audible only to the chief-officer and myself: 'There's a smell of fire forwards, sir, and a sound as of some one knocking inside of the hatch.'

'A smell of fire!' ejaculated the mate; and swiftly, though preserving his quiet bearing, he descended to the quarter-deck and walked forward.

I had long ago made myself free of all parts of the ship, and guessed, therefore, that my following in the wake of the mate would attract no attention, nor give significance to a business which might prove a false alarm. By the time he had reached the hatch, I was at his side. The boatswain and sailmaker came out of their cabins, a number of seamen quitted the fore-castle to join us, and the rest gathered at the edge of the raised deck, looking down. The fore-hatch was a great square, protected by a cover that was to be lifted in pieces. A tarpaulin was stretched over it with battening irons to keep it fixed, for this was a hatch there was seldom or never any occasion to enter at sea, the cargo in all probability coming flush to it.

I had scarcely stood a moment in the atmosphere of this hatch, when I became sensible of a faint smell as of burning, yet too subtle to be detected by a nostril that was not particularly keen. As I was sniffing to make sure, there came a hollow, dull noise of knocking, distinct, and unmistakably produced by some one immediately under the hatch striking at it with a heavy instrument. Mr Prance hung in the wind for a second or two snuffing and hearkening with the countenance of one who discredits his senses.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there is somebody below, and—and'—Here he sniffed up hard with much, too much energy, methought, to enable him to taste the faint fumes. 'Carpenter,' he exclaimed to the withered old Scotchman who made one of the crowd of onlookers, 'get this hatch stripped and the cover lifted—quickly, but quietly, if you please.'

He looked sternly round upon the men; and then sent a hurried glance aft, where stood Captain Keeling in the spot we had just vacated with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm.

The battens were nimbly drawn, the tarpaulin thrown aside, and some seamen stooped to raise the hatch cover. A few seconds were expended in prising and manœuvring, in the midst of which the knocking was repeated with a note of violence in it, accompanied by a general start and a growl of wonder from all hands.

'Heave!' cried the carpenter, and up came the cover, followed by a small cloud of blue smoke, and immediately after by the figure of

the hideous sailor Crabb, who sprang from off the top of a layer of white-wood cases with a loud curse and a horrible fit of coughing.

(To be continued.)

TRADE-PIRACY.

MANY attempts have been made to protect by legislation the good repute of British manufactures, and to save the public from imposition by preventing the sale of goods as British which were not so. Until lately, these attempts have been comparatively ineffectual; but in 1887, in consequence of loud complaints of the home market being flooded with fraudulently-marked foreign goods, the drastic measure known as the Merchandise Marks Act was placed upon the statute book.

Englishmen have never been believers in the worth of foreign workmanship. The preamble of an Act passed in the third year of Edward IV. runs thus: 'The artificers of manual occupations hath piteously complained how that they be greatly impoverished by the great multitude of divers commodities and wares pertaining to their mysteries and occupations, being fully wrought and ready made to sale, fetched and brought from beyond the sea, whereof the greater part in substance is deceitful, whereby many inconveniences have grown before this time, and hereafter more be like to come (which God defend) if due remedy be not in this behalf provided.' Thereupon 'our redoubted sovereign lord the king' ordained that 'after the feast of Saint Michael the Archangel next coming,' none of the articles specified in a list which probably includes all the imports of the time, should be brought from parts beyond the sea on pain of forfeiture of the goods. The trade policy pursued by this country for the four following centuries may be described as prohibitive towards foreign manufactures—either absolutely prohibitive, or practically so by the imposition of import duties; and it has only been in comparatively recent years, owing to the growth of free-trade ideas and the effort of other countries to rival English industries, that the question of trade-piracy assumed its present importance. In 1698, however, it being found that watches sold abroad were falsely described as English, parliament forbade the exportation of cases or dial-plates unless marked with the maker's name and accompanied by the movements. In 1845 the legislature turned its attention to imported watches, an Act of that year ordering them to be marked with the name and address of the foreign manufacturer; and in 1887 the word 'Foreign' was made an essential and prominent part of the assay mark.

Legislation was later in protecting other classes of merchandise. In 1845 the importation of goods bearing the marks of British manufacturers was prohibited. Individual makers were thus protected, as, say, cutlery stamped 'Joseph Rodgers and Son, Sheffield,' could not be imported; but 'Best Sheffield Steel' would not be objected to. In 1862, 1876, and 1883, steps were taken to protect the industrial community generally as well as individually. Any mark on foreign goods implying British origin was for-

bidden; and if the maker resided in a town bearing the same name as one in the United Kingdom, the name of the country was to be added. In the case of Boston, for instance, the letters 'U. S. A.' had to be appended. This would seem to do all that was required; but, in fact, parliament defeated its own intentions. The use of English characters was permitted; the word 'Manufacturer' was held to include 'Dealer'; and if the name on the goods were that of the actual importer they were to pass unquestioned. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent a Glasgow or Manchester dealer from importing, marked with his own name and address, German goods of a class for which his town was celebrated, and selling them as genuine productions of that district. It is obvious, too, that in the absence of qualification, the use of the English language on, say, French manufactures implies British make.

The measure of 1887 was much more stringent than any of its predecessors. A person selling, or having in his possession for sale, goods with false trade-marks became liable to a year's imprisonment and the articles to forfeiture; and to falsely represent one's self as purveyor, &c. to Her Majesty or the Royal Family or a government department was forbidden, as was also the application of a false description to goods in respect of quantity, quality, place of origin, or method of production. To say that an article was 'all wool' or 'hand-made' or the subject of a patent, if it were not so, became punishable; carpets could not be described as 'Kidderminster' or shawls as 'Shetland' unless legitimately entitled to the designation; and briefly, the intention of parliament was that purchasers should know what they were buying. It will be seen that this Act deals with internal trade as well as foreign; but the latter portion is all that the writer of this paper proposes to touch upon. It may be noticed in passing that British marks are not alone protected, the same privilege being given to those of the countries which have entered into a convention for the purpose; and that of the European states the only prominent dissentients are Russia, Austria, and Germany.

During the first three months after the Act came into force, one hundred and ten thousand packages were detained by the Customs officers, of which some were released without restriction, and others on the marks being qualified or defaced; while a good many were confiscated, and subsequently destroyed or sold by the Crown. One would naturally expect importers to grow wise with time, yet during the year 1888-89 there were nearly eight thousand detentions, affecting two hundred and twenty thousand packages. Of these eight thousand, nearly three thousand were in respect of German goods; France was responsible for five hundred and two, Holland four hundred and eighty-eight, Sweden one hundred and forty-six, and the United States for three hundred and seventy-eight. It is curious to find more detentions of West Indian goods than of Spanish and Swedish combined. In their thirty-second Report, the Commissioners of Customs furnish a list of the articles respecting which questions have arisen, and this list comprises an extraordinary variety of merchandise: albums and Apollinaris; biscuits and blacking;

cattle-medicine and cartridges; egg-beaters, fans, furs; matches and macaroni; tambourines and pigs' heads; weather-gauges, shoemakers' wax, yeast, and toothpicks. These are just a few. The general reader will better understand the spirit as well as the operation of the measure we are dealing with, if the writer describes some of the cases which have come under his notice.

Here are several packages of bottled wines variously labelled 'Port,' 'Spanish,' and 'Xeres.' They have come from Belgium, and it is extremely likely that the contents of the bottles never saw the sun of Andalusia or of Portugal, being more probably the result of chemical operations. At all events, it was odd to find goods coming from Spain through Antwerp. Here are other bottles, this time from Hamburg, bearing the legend 'Vieux Cognac.' That port, too, is far from the usual route between the French brandy districts and England. France, on the other hand, has sent this consignment of 'Old Jamaica Rum.' Beside these drinkables lies a case of cigars from Hamburg, marked 'Habana.' There is a well-grounded suspicion of German cigars, especially when they claim to be Havanas, and no one will be surprised to hear that the importer of these was, when challenged, unable to prove their claim to the title. In all of these cases there was misrepresentation, which in some was aggravated by the use of a language other than that of the country from which the goods came. All the labels quoted were destroyed. Of course on American merchandise the English language is used, and that is one of the vulnerable portions of the Act. Still, we protect ourselves to some extent against our Transatlantic cousins. Chicago bacon-packers may describe their goods as 'Cumberland,' or any other English 'cut,' if American origin be clearly indicated; and on the other hand we have detained French macaroni, which was going to New York under Italian labels. Waltham and Waterbury watches were admitted on a promise that in future 'U. S. A.' should be imprinted beside the name of the firm. Revolvers marked 'Newhaven' were detained until it was made clear in indelible characters that they were made in America and not in the Sussex seaport. In the treatment of these cases there is apparent inconsistency; but as everybody knows the Waltham and Waterbury companies to be American, deceit could not be suspected.

Blocks of blacklead stamped 'The Raven Silver, Superior Quality,' look innocent enough until we remember that the use of an English name implies English make. The words were accordingly ordered to be obliterated. Tiles from Holland marked, say, 'Asterisk Works, Manchester,' evidently pretended to be what they were not, and deserved their fate, which was confiscation. A similar lot befell a consignment of Spanish revolvers intended for Mexico, which pretended to come from famous American makers, and Belgian rifles for South America bearing the name of a London maker.

Many attempts are made to sail close to the wind and to adhere to the letter of the law while infringing its spirit. The 'intent to deceive' is clear in the case of these lead pencils marked prominently in English on the front and in small letters on the back, 'Made in Germany'; and in these buttons on cards, styled 'Bouton de Nacre'

in front, and their Teutonic origin modestly announced on the back of the cards; and in those purses, the statement of whose nationality might be easily removed.

Among the articles forfeited were glass bulbs stamped with the name of an English electric lighting company; cigarette papers bearing French, Spanish, and Greek wording, with 'Paris and Vienna;' pocket-knives stamped 'H.R.H. the Princess of Wales;' and cloth marked 'Extra best French mérino quality.' All these came from Germany. China vases of Austrian manufacture marked, say, 'Saint Blank Church, Exeter,' together with a picture of the church, met the same fate. Some fancy goods were imported fitted with microscopic views of noted places in Great Britain, the names of these places being printed in English, 'A Memory of,' &c. The owner got off comparatively lightly, the goods being delivered when the views had been destroyed. American tinned beef which boldly claimed to be English was released on the destruction of the labels, a laborious and expensive process, and payment of a fine of fifty pounds; and some thousands of medical plasters from the same country were only given up when the word 'London,' which each bore, was erased and a large fine paid.

In the examples quoted the offence lay in the implication of British origin, the rule being that when English wording is used, the possibility of misunderstanding is to be avoided by a definite statement of origin. The mark 'Best Steel' or 'Pure Wool' would not be objected to on German goods, if in proximity to these words and equally indelibly, the statement 'Made in Germany' were added. The last case mentioned—that of the vases—belongs to the same class as the ware one sees in cheap china shops, marked 'A Present from Edinburgh,' &c., and which very often comes from abroad. Except where the intention to defraud is obvious, confiscation is rarely resorted to, the authorities contenting themselves with a warning to the importer, or ordering the qualification or erasure of the offending marks. The owner of lenses marked 'Real Pebbles,' who protested that he meant no dishonesty, received his goods when he had ground out the obnoxious words; and illustrated books were passed as soon as their country of production had been confessed on the front cover. An impudent German importer of sewing-machines, bearing the name of a very celebrated maker, was more severely dealt with. Confiscation was at first ordered; but the authorities ultimately permitted the owner to take the goods back to their native place on the offending marks being removed, a by no means easy task. He was also warned that he was still liable to a civil action on the part of the maker whose name had been used.

Nice questions are often raised. What, for instance, was the legal position of barometers marked with the usual signs, 'Stormy,' 'Fair,' &c., and in addition, 'Compensated Barometer?' Well, instruments to be used in England must have the signs in English, but this did not apply to the last two words, which were consequently obliterated, this course being more convenient than to add a statement of origin. It is not easy to see consistency in the decision which permitted the importation of brooches marked 'Alice' and

'Lizzie,' while prohibiting the delivery of others marked 'Forget me not' and 'Mother;' but a knowledge of the circumstances would make the distinction clear. The question of what is foreign manufacture has frequently arisen. Pipes made in England are sent to Vienna in order to have mouthpieces attached; razors are sent to Germany to be hollow-ground; and art-work of various kinds, commenced in this country, goes abroad to be coloured or finished. No general rules can be laid down to meet such cases, and each is decided on its merits.

Enough has been said to show that a strong effort is being made to render the Merchandise Marks Act conducive to commercial morality, and while intelligently administered, no legitimate objection can be taken to it, as it merely insists on common honesty in the description of goods. The large number of packages detained is proof at once of the need and the value of such legislation. It would be too much, however, to say that the Act has crushed trade-piracy. The examination of goods landed in this country is only partial, and is carried out by men without technical training. The prevention of smuggling is the primary duty of Customs officers; the detection of offences against the Merchandise Marks Act is, from their point of view, of secondary importance; and a thorough examination of all merchandise would either involve considerable delay or necessitate a large increase of staff. But in any case it would be difficult for revenue officials to make themselves sufficiently intimate with private marks and brands to prevent their being wrongly used. Palpable misrepresentation is detected and punished, and at every port a register is opened in which makers may record their trade-marks for the guidance of the officers; but anything beyond this must be done by private individuals or by commercial bodies. The power of the officials is limited. Large quantities of goods, for instance, are imported without brands, and labels arrive in separate packages, evidently intended for use with the unmarked goods; but nothing can be done by the Customs to prevent the intended fraud.

A good deal has been done to suppress the operations of trade-pirates in Great Britain; but they have, generally speaking, a happy hunting-ground in foreign markets. Servia is one of the signatories to the trade-mark convention, yet our vice-consul at Nisch reports that Austrian and German merchandise, bearing British marks, literally pours into Servia. Hats of brown paper, with the legend inside the crown, 'Melton, 194 Regent Street, London, Maker to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Napoleon III.,' and a copy of the Royal Arms, had, under the binding, the private brand of a Viennese merchant. Lozenges stamped 'Savory and Moore' were made abroad; and cakes of soap with a Frankfort manufacturer's name on the back, had the letters 'S. O. A. P.' on the front. German and Austrian dealers in steel implements were discovered borrowing Sheffield names; and the term English was found to be generally applied to linen and hosiery of continental origin.

To check this kind of thing would be extremely desirable; but it would also be exceedingly difficult unless the task were entered on heartily by the foreign governments whose subjects are being

cheated. Meanwhile, British manufacturers must console themselves with the reflection that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and that the prevalence of the piracy we have been dealing with is the best possible testimony to the excellence of British workmanship.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now, in view of the possibility which Frank Holmes had been considering in relation to Miss Clayton, such a conclusion of the case would be the most terrible misfortune. It turned his blood cold to contemplate that girl, for whom he would give his life, as the wife of an acquitted murderer.

Holmes knew what a skilful advocate, instructed by so able a man as Crudie, could accomplish. The prospect of such an issue threw him into a fever of anxiety. At all risks—to her, to himself, to every one—he would try to save her from the appalling fate of placing her pure hand in one from which Justice had not cleansed the stain of blood. Holmes had no clear idea of what course to take in the contingency foreshadowed by the solicitor; but he was resolved at all hazards to save Mary Clayton. If driven to it, for her sake he would—before allowing a verdict to be won by such means—place before the prosecution the fatal evidence in his possession. Better the guilty man should forfeit his life, than live to lead an innocent girl to a fate worse than death.

He was going west to take her out as promised, and in passing Charing Cross he called at Scotland Yard on the chance of finding Cracroft there. The officer was just going out, and walked with him as far as the Haymarket. They were still at fault in regard to the woman who wrote and handed in the advertisement, and who also addressed the newspaper to Miss Neale. The stupid clerk who took the advertisement in could recollect nothing about her except that she was 'well dressed'; he could not even describe her attire, and many and sincere were the professional execrations heaped on his head from Scotland Yard. An ancient commissioner, who dozed at the office door under the somnolent effects of idleness and beer, succeeded in remembering a certain lady coming into the advertisement office that 8th of June. What hour of the day it was he failed to recollect, until he went to a neighbouring office to consult another official with whom he had been taking beer a short time before he saw the lady: it was at or about three in the afternoon. The commissioner had an eye for beauty, and the lady struck him as an object of beauty not often seen east of Temple Bar. Was she dark or fair, or tall or small? He could not recollect more than that she was rather tall, and, generally, 'a stunner' (as he termed it); but she transacted her business with the unobservant clerk already referred to.

'That was the party, beyond doubt,' observed Cracroft with strong disgust; 'but for all the clue we have to her identity, we might as well have been told that she wore a dress-improver.'

There was, however, one woman whom Holmes

could not help thinking of as he drove over to Cadogan Place. He would not for a moment suppose that Musgrave's wife could be induced, by any pressure or persuasion to become knowingly an accomplice in such a crime; he knew that she was not acquainted with Faune; but there was every possibility of her having been the innocent agent of the two men in the matter of the fatal advertisement. There were a hundred ways in which her husband could have led her to do it. Holmes was sure it was she, and no other, who put the advertisement in the paper and addressed the wrapper, whatsoever might have been the persuasions which induced her to do so. This conviction confirmed his suspicion that Musgrave's explanation of the cheque was not the whole truth.

Miss Clayton was waiting for him at Cadogan Place, and had not yet lunched. He perceived a little change in her that gave him pleasure. The expectancy of his coming gave her cheeks a faint colour, and though the traces of suffering were visible enough, there was a look of shyness in her eyes that was as charming as it was new to him. In her bosom she wore a sprig of lilac, which he knew to be a compliment to himself, and she smiled when he noticed it.

'It was papa who suggested this waste of your time, Frank,' she said when they were at luncheon. 'He wanted to take me out himself; but I did not like to take up his time; then he asked me if I would have you to come with me.'

'I'm very glad of it, Mary. I'll come every day and take you out, if you will let me.'

'I know you would; but it would waste too much of your time.'

'My time is not very valuable, Mary, so that your conscience may be easy on that score.—And this reminds me,' he said, 'that I owe an outing to another young lady whom I have neglected of late. I must see about that.'

She slowly raised her eyes with a glance of inquiry, but dropped them again the same instant.

Holmes did not notice this, and went on: 'Have you ever ridden on the outside of an omnibus? I don't think you have, though; it is a pleasure you have missed. Now there is a commodious staircase for ascending, gallantly designed for the encouragement of ladies; and then when you are on the top, the chairs facing the front are only large enough to contain two persons, which is another mark of design in the construction of these luxurious vehicles. If you sit in front, you command a bird's-eye view of the streets and a level prospect of drawing-rooms, and you avoid the tobacco smoke. That is how my young lady and I take our outings, and I have owed her one to Hendon for some time past. She has been ill.'

'Do I know her, Frank?'

'No; I have sometimes wished that you did. Nellie is a winsome child.'

'Oh—it is a child, then?'

He laughed. 'Of course it is, Mary. May I bring her here some day to see you? I am sure you would like the little thing as much as I do. I found her in Kensington Gardens one evening when she was lost, and carried her half a mile on my shoulder before I discovered the lamenting wench who had lost her; that's how we became

acquainted, and we have been sworn friends ever since.'

'Why not kill two birds with one stone,' Mary Clayton suggested, 'and take her for a drive to-day?'

'It is good of you to propose it, Mary. But my promise to Nellie can only be redeemed by an omnibus ride out Hendon way.—Have you ever travelled in that direction?'

'No,' she answered dubiously.

'It is an elevated and bracing region, where you suddenly get out of London into country lanes which might be a hundred miles away. Come now, Mary, what do you say to an expedition of that kind?'

It had just struck him that if he could persuade her to join him in an excursion northwards by the popular mode referred to, it would be the best thing he could devise for the benefit of her health and spirits. A depressing drive round Hyde Park would be little better than staying at home.

'Oh, I don't know, Frank,' she answered doubtfully.

But Frank Holmes, resuming for the occasion his old powers of persuasion, soon overcame her hesitation, and his plan was rewarded with signs of dawning excitement in her looks as they walked down towards the cab-rank in the middle of the square.

They drove to Kensington in a hansom cab, and from there—having taken little Nellie Burton—to the Marble Arch, where Mary Clayton for the first time in her life climbed to the top of an omnibus. Frank Holmes seated himself beside her with the child on his knee. The girl shared to some extent with the child the pleased interest created by the novelty of the situation and the variety of objects which they passed. When these became monotonous from repetition, Holmes directed her thoughts another way, by describing the associations of that northern road and the places it led to. His object was to keep her from dwelling on anxieties for the time, and she submissively aided him by her passive acquiescence. It was a pleasant excursion, with a very pathetic side to it, which was presented full to them both when the affair was over and they were once more in Cadogan Place. Holmes was noting with satisfaction, as the girl took off her hat in the hall, the change which the air and exercise had effected in her face, when she suddenly put her hand on his arm and looked up with glistening eyes.

'Frank,' she said simply, 'how good you are!'

'Nonsense. I have enjoyed the ride more than you,' he answered, laughing.—'Will you give me a cup of tea now?'

Up to this point, no allusion had been made by either to the subject which was uppermost in their minds, and Holmes would have left without alluding to it. There was, indeed, only one matter of any interest to him in regard to Mary Clayton, and this was in reference to the letter supposed to have been posted in Dover. He brought away the impression on the previous day that there was some matter that she was keeping back from him; but he concluded that the reservation was due to maidenly delicacy. There must have been passages between her and Faune which

it would distress her to communicate, and probably pain him to hear.

But now, as he was about to go away, she asked him, nervously, if he had gone to see Faune—as he had spoken of doing.

'No,' he answered; 'because I am satisfied it would be useless. Mr Crudie has told me all he has been able to learn from Faune, and it serves no useful purpose. He will not reveal his motive for leaving London.' Then he related to her briefly what the solicitor had told him, including the reference to the letter. At this, greatly to his surprise, her face confessed that she had received the letter. Holmes did not know what to say. He paused a while in embarrassment, and then proceeded to point out to her the ground on which the defence would be based, and the possibility of an able advocate obliging the jury to acquit the prisoner.

The girl did not appear to apprehend the matter clearly at first, and inquired, doubtfully, whether the verdict would be final.

'It would be final, of course. He could not be tried again on the same charge after being acquitted.'

'But acquitted would not mean innocent?'

'No; in such a case a Scotch jury would find a verdict of "not proven" instead of "not guilty." It would really mean "not proven."'

She thought over it for a while before she spoke again.

Holmes was anxious, very anxious that she should be able to see clearly for herself the situation resulting from such a verdict. What she did at length say disconcerted and even grieved him considerably.

'That would be an unfortunate result for an innocent man, Frank, unless he could satisfy his friends better than the judge and jury.'

Any rascal with cleverness enough could do this; and under the circumstances Holmes foresaw little difficulty in the way of Claude Faune's success with Mary Clayton and her father. It was enough to make him weary of the case, and he was indeed weary of it. He was resolved to move no further in it, but he hardly knew how to explain why. To avoid doing so, he renewed the advice he had given her the day before, to go away for a change to the country or seaside; but it was no use.

'Shall I come to-morrow to take you out again?' he asked, rising.

'Thank you, Frank, if you have time to spare.'

Then he saw from her hesitation that she had something else to say.

'Frank,' she said, clasping her hands before her and letting her head fall with a look of great distress, 'you must not misjudge me as to that letter which I have concealed from you. I cannot let you or any person see it. If they knew I had it, they might demand it from me.—Oh Frank!' she exclaimed, 'protect me from that!'

'I certainly will,' he promised, greatly astonished, 'as far as lies in my power. No one shall know of its existence from me.'

'The letter contains not a word affecting his guilt or innocence, Frank—not a word. I was sorry when I received it; there was no purpose which he could serve by writing it, beyond

informing me of the reason of his leaving London.'

'Why, Mary,' cried Holmes, greatly startled, 'that is above all things what we want to discover!'

After a minute's hesitation she took the letter from her pocket, and having opened it, folded down the first page. 'You may read what he says about it,' she said, handing Holmes the letter.

He took it eagerly, and the first glance at the handwriting confirmed what he had heard from Mr Crudie. The writing was wretchedly shaky and the lines irregular, such as only a penman prostrated with drink would have written. These were the words which he was allowed to read:

DOVER, June 11th.

MY DEAR MISS CLAYTON—I am suddenly obliged to go to Paris. I shall be back in a few days; but until I receive some sign from you—

'That is all?' said Holmes.

'That is all. I thought it not worth communicating to you, Frank.'

'You were quite right, Mary; that information is useless. Well, I shall come to-morrow.'

He only remembered now that the child was in the housekeeper's charge, and that he had to take her home. Mrs Burton was out when they called, and Nellie had been left in charge of a neighbour, with whom Holmes left his name when he took her away. The child was sent for accordingly, and while they were waiting for her appearance, Mr Clayton came in, wearing a look of excitement.

'I expected I would find you, Frank. Have you heard the news?'

'I have heard nothing.'

Mr Clayton looked at his daughter undecidedly for a moment. 'There is no reason why you should not know it, Mary,' he said, dropping in a chair and sinking his voice. 'It is bad news—for Mr Claude Faune.'

'What is it, Mr Clayton?' the young man inquired, moving a step nearer. Then he turned and looked at the girl; but she stood, still and pale as a statue, and apparently as strong.

'They have found the woman who sent the message for him to Margaret Neale.'

'Are you sure of that? Who is she? Where is she?'

'There is no doubt of it, Frank. She is Musgrave's wife. She and her husband were on their way to Canada; but an accident to the mail-train has detained the steamer at Merville. Cracroft has started with a warrant for their arrest.'

The young man's hands dropped to his sides, and they saw him turn pale. He knew, better than any other person, that Faune was doomed now beyond all hope of escape. 'Heaven help him!' he said. 'There is no chance for him now.'

Holmes turned quickly, just in time to catch Mary Clayton's swaying form in his arms. In spite of all his discipline and strength, as he laid her on a sofa, a sob choked him and a dash of tears fell among her hair. It was not love, but remorse, that fired him, gazing on her unconscious

face. 'Mary, Mary—it is I who have done it—I!' And, her father looking, he kissed her colourless lips and left the room. Making for the door, something light brushed against his leg, and a little soft hand was placed in his.

'Ah, Nellie!' he said, taking the child up in his arms; 'come home.'

(To be continued.)

AN EQUINE CARNIVAL

MAY-DAY IN LIVERPOOL.

WE live in an age of utilitarianism, and little that is not practical in some degree or other is tolerated. Our Gallic neighbours dub us a nation of workers, and certainly there is some ground for the criticism, for so keen is the struggle for existence, that romance and sentiment are fast being expurgated from the English national character. Yet our forefathers were not so woefully prosaic as we; time was when they were religiously observant of all the old festivals and customs:

When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.

Foremost among these ancient festivals was that of May-day. 'Tis but three centuries ago that the good Bishop Latimer complained that once when he was to preach in a certain place on the 1st of May, he could get no audience, because all the young men and maidens were gone a-Maying. He says: 'I found the churches fast locked. I tarried there half an hour or more, and at last the key was found; one of the parish came to me and says: "Syr, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you; it is May-day." So,' writes the Bishop, 'I was faine to depart, and leave them to their merry-making.'

We do not now observe May-day in such a style; neither do we bring home the hawthorn bush at four on a bright May morning; nor do we, like Herrick, call upon our Corinna to awake and rise early and go a-Maying; yet we hail the merry month with none the less delight as the advent of the genial summer: and in not a few old-fashioned villages of rural England, the May-pole is still reared and the May Queen crowned amidst the merry-making of the assembled country-side. But the observance of this old-time festival is not confined to secluded village or rustic hamlet alone; for Liverpool, busy city as it is, has long been celebrated through the North Countree for its May-day observances, and it still continues to set aside from its busy roll of working-days the 1st of May, and upon it the inhabitants of the mighty seaport parade their equine workers, and the assembled multitudes pay their homage to horse-flesh with quite as much devotion as the Romans of old paid to their Maia or bestowed upon a Floralia. 'May flowers, violets, fresh and sweet,' are the cries that greet the ears of the pedestrian in Liverpool on a May morning; and such are the enticing sweetness of the flowers and the importunity of the itinerant vendors, that you find yourself nilly-willy adorned with 'a nosegay fresh and sweet.' Nor are you alone with your floral decoration. On all sides, the sombre hues which characterise the masculine attire of the inhabitants of the north are relieved by a button-hole

of some description or other, from the orchid of the wealthy merchant to the more modest lily or bunch of violets that reposes on the bosom of his perky office-boy. In the streets, vehicular traffic is almost entirely suspended, and the mighty arteries of the city, usually resonant with the din and roar of commerce, are hushed and silent. The abnormal quiet, however, is but the hush of expectancy and preparation.

As noon approaches, the principal thoroughfares become crowded with sightseers. Excursionists from the neighbouring districts flock into the city, and lend an appearance of gaiety and variety to the scene which is quite in contradistinction to the usual air of bustle and business, and in perfect harmony with the festive nature of the celebration. The love and admiration for the horse which we have no doubt inherited from our Teutonic ancestors has still a great hold over the sympathies of the modern Englishman. One has but to be in Liverpool on May-day to realise the truth of this statement. Strangers flock into the city on all sides. The busy hives of manufacturing industry, so profusely dotted over the South Lancashire coalfield, all contribute their quota to the ever-swelling throng. Smaller in stature and of a less robust physique do these visitors from the mines and factories appear, than the sturdier denizens of the northern seaport; yet their restless activity and their native capacity for good-humoured fun, combined with their broad dialect, place them very much in evidence during the day's proceedings.

Side by side with these 'Lancashire lads,' as they delight to style themselves, may be seen sturdy agriculturists from the adjoining county of Cheshire, men whose walk of life renders them competent to scan with critical eye the approaching procession, and to pronounce with just deliberation upon the relative merits or demerits of the equine specimens brought under their consideration.

Pretty thickly, too, is the crowd besprinkled with natives of the Principality, for Wales is justly proud of the fact that she furnishes a recruiting-ground from which Liverpool is wont to replenish her store of equine workers. Sailors, British and foreign, Americans, Turks, and swallow-faced, almond-eyed wanderers from the 'far, far East,' all unite to constitute the human *olla podrida* collected in the streets of Liverpool on May-day.

Perhaps the most favourable site at which to see the procession pass is Lime Street, right in the heart of the city. Here, at one side of a great open space, along which passes a continual stream of traffic, stands St George's Hall, of which the inhabitants are justly proud, claiming for it the distinction of being the finest specimen of Grecian architecture in the kingdom. Now, its classical façade and comprehensive approaches flanked as they are by gigantic couchant lions, memorials of the mighty Landseer, and containing equestrian statues of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, and the pedestalled monuments of General Earle and Lord Beaconsfield, are thronged with an ever-restless, ever-surging crowd. Across the mighty roadway, which is so wide that the shadow of one edifice never falls upon the other, is the London and North-Western Railway Hotel, which fronts the

Liverpool terminus of that company's lines. Rising high above all is the Wellington Column, from whose lofty summit the eagle eye of the Iron Duke seems to glance with lofty scorn at the bubbling fountain, the architectural lions, and the gay pageant beneath him.

And now the din and roar that rise from the packed masses in the Trafalgar Square of the north is indescribable, for the cry, 'They come, they come!' is raised at the far end of the street; and barely have the police time to see that no spectator in his rash temerity has ventured through the barriers, before the procession is upon us. First come a detachment of hussars; then the mounted police; after them, the horses and engines of the Salvage and Fire Brigades; these are followed by the horses and wagons in the employ of the city corporation and the different railway companies; the teams of the cartage companies and the breweries come next; then come the turnout of the coal-firms; and a heterogeneous collection of the vehicles of private firms brings up the rear. Each horse is gaily decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers, bells, &c., and is groomed in such a fashion as plainly indicates that no amount of gaudy trappings will compensate for want of care and attention bestowed upon the creature itself. Every horse in that long procession that now winds its sinuous length through the main thoroughfares of the city knows what is expected of him to-day. Now is the occasion on which he is to show his appreciation of the extraordinary care and attention that has been bestowed upon him for months past: the careful groomings, the little delicacies, the careful loading, and the sympathetic driving must all bear their fruit to-day. And his driver, who walks beside him clad in his Sunday's best, one hand bearing his whip, gaily festooned with ribbons, and designed more for ornament than use, while the other ever and anon pats the glossy shoulder of the noble creature beside him, looking with affectionate pride at his equine charge.

His reward comes; and the acclamations that greet the show throughout its entire journey are as precious to him as was ever the wreath that crowned the brow of victor at Corinthian games. One may rest assured that the hand which grooms and feeds the four-footed fellow-labourer will never be raised against him in anger, so perfect is the mutual understanding and sympathy existing between the teamster and his charge.

But the carnival is not without its humorous and even grotesque aspect. Here and there are wagons of chubby-faced urchins, whose decorations and deportment are provocative of much mirth. Sandwiched by some unaccountable means between two magnificent teams, whose accoutrements are as splendid as the saddle and carriage maker can make them, is a miserable donkey-cart, driven by and laden with a horde of *gamins* of the most Ishmaelitic description. Their sooted faces and elaborate floral decorations contrast most strongly with the raggedness of their attire; and the air of inimical gravity with which they arrogate to themselves the plaudits bestowed upon their neighbours, and bow their acknowledgments to the spectators, is perfectly irresistible. Such facilities as this celebration presents to the original advertiser cannot be

overlooked, and the humorous and ingenious devices, in the shape of trade advertisements which assimilate themselves to the procession, are both varied and numerous. Wagons laden with loaves, hams, or vegetables proclaim the excellence of such a one's provisions; while a gigantic boot, from whose open top protrudes a bevy of youngsters, affords at once a striking realisation of the old lady of our nursery days whose domicile was a shoe, and who, to quote the old rhyme, 'had so many children she did not know what to do,' and at the same time calls public attention to the fact that there is nothing like leather, especially that of Mr —. Here comes a ship's boat mounted on a huge wagon, and manned by sailors wearing the sea-going clothes manufactured by Mr —.

But the afternoon wears on; the procession has passed, and the dense crowds disperse homewards; and on the morrow the city resumes its wonted aspect of bustle and commercial activity. The gay trappings which adorned the horses in yesterday's parade are looked for in vain; but the hand that bedecked his equine care with ribbons and flowers yesterday, to-day leads his charge with just as much kindness and sympathy, and the two together form a co-operative union of intelligence and instinct which is most touching to witness.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR WATSON SMITH recently delivered a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry, taking as his subject a New Method of Tempering Steel, the invention of Captain Feodosieff, an officer in the Russian imperial navy. The lecturer commenced by pointing out that there was some confusion existing as to the meaning of the words 'hardening,' 'tempering,' and 'annealing,' as applied to steel, and he pointed out that the following definitions of these words had been accepted: Hardening is the result of rapidly cooling a strongly-heated mass of steel; tempering, that of reheating the hardened metal to a temperature far short of that to which it had been raised before hardening—to be followed or not by rapid cooling; whilst annealing consists in heating the mass to a temperature higher than that used for tempering and allowing it to cool slowly. In the new process, glycerine is employed in carrying out these various operations, and its specific gravity is altered by the addition of water, according to the quality of the metal and the effect which it is desired to produce upon it. The temperature of the liquid is varied from fifteen to two hundred degrees C., according to the condition of the metal, the harder steels requiring a high temperature, and a low heat being sufficient for the milder steels. Other effects are produced by the addition of different salts to the glycerine before the metal is plunged into it. The lecturer exhibited several specimens of steel and cast-iron which had been treated by the new process, and which had been sent to him from St Petersburg.

The gay Parisians have the knack of finding

material for popular exhibitions, and their last venture in this way is of a decidedly novel character. The exhibition consists of a collection of hoarding advertisements, the work of one artist. Such an exhibition might be made very interesting in our own country, and might perchance do some good in discouraging that taste for the sensational and repulsive which is too often in evidence on our street hoardings. It is certain that some of the better-class advertisements of this nature are full of artistic merit, and should in great measure cultivate a taste for good work. We must remember, too, that some of our most noted artists have not been ashamed to contribute to these open-air picture-galleries. One of the first to appear was the late Mr Walker's 'Woman in White.' Next, Mr Herkomer executed a beautiful drawing which appeared on the walls as an advertisement for a journal devoted to artistic interests. Various enterprising advertisers have given commissions to Millais, Marks, Frith, and other well-known artists, so that there is plenty of material ready for an exhibition of this character. There would, however, be a difficulty in providing interior wall-space for such a collection, and perhaps the general public would be disinclined to patronise a picture-gallery in which the principal works were so well known to them.

The lecture lately delivered at Aldershot by Colonel Slade upon the subject of Modern Military Rifles, a verbatim report of which has appeared in many of the newspapers, will prove of great use in acquainting the public with our position as a nation with regard to one of the most important means of defence. It seems only yesterday that the Martini-Henry breech-loader was advocated as the most efficient rifle that a soldier could possess, and yet before a sufficient number has been issued to supply our full force of regulars and Volunteers, the need of a better one has been acknowledged, and is now being supplied. The new Magazine Rifle, furnished with a detachable receptacle holding eight cartridges, has been tried with the most satisfactory results. Apart from the advantage which it gives of quick firing without reloading, its greater efficiency as a weapon of war is demonstrated by its far longer range and smaller cartridge. This means that an opposing column of men will suffer loss at a distance of considerably more than a mile from their adversaries, and that the soldier can carry a far larger number of rounds on his person without any increase of weight. It is easy to imagine a number of instances in recent warfare where such conditions would have proved most advantageous to our troops, and would in such a case as the battle of Isandula have prevented the annihilation of our men. All other nations have taken the advantage of a long peace to arm their troops with Magazine Rifles, and these seem to differ but in detail from the type of weapon supplied to our own troops. This new departure will necessitate many alterations in our instructions to infantry, who will now take the field under entirely new conditions. Colonel Slade's lecture foreshadows the direction which these changes will probably assume.

Another paper bearing upon the grim subject of future warfare, and dealing with Smokeless Explosives, was read by Sir Frederick Abel at a

recent meeting of the Royal Institution. This paper gave a great deal of technical information as to the experiments which have been carried on in this and other countries with reference to various kinds of explosives other than gunpowder, and their advantages and efficiency compared with the old black powder. We are glad to see that the lecturer dispelled the common error that some of these new explosives are silent in action. It is difficult to imagine how such an error could have originated, for it is clear that gaseous matter under tension cannot be projected into the atmosphere without noise. The mistake has been promulgated by descriptive writers, who have drawn pictures of battles of the future in which silence has been the most remarkable feature, and quotations from some of these highly coloured word-pictures formed an amusing part of Sir Frederick Abel's paper. The absence of smoke will no doubt form a feature of future warfare, and will be an important help, especially in naval operations; but it must be remembered on the other hand that the smoke from an attacking party, in spite of its inconveniences, has often formed a protecting screen of no little value to them.

The *Scientific American* publishes an interesting and instructive diagram with index numbers showing the heights of the principal buildings of the world compared with that of the Forth Bridge. Here we have pictured steeples, towers, and domes of various forms, the whole being covered with the skeleton ironwork springing from one of the mighty piers of the new Bridge. This diagram shows that, with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, only three buildings overtop the great erection on the Firth of Forth, and one of them, the steeple of Old St Paul's, London, is no longer in existence. The other two are Cologne Cathedral, which is five hundred and ten feet in height, and the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which is fifty feet shorter, but whose apex is just seen above the ironwork of the Bridge. In no better way can the actual size of this great triumph of engineering be realised.

Professor Stewart lately exhibited to the Linnean Society some specimens of British crabs, which showed their habit of covering the upper part of their armour-clothed bodies with pieces of seaweed and zoophytes, which they detach with their nippers from marine plants for the purpose. This habit is continued even when the creature is blind, and is a provision of Nature for its protection from its enemies, the covering serving to conceal it among its surroundings. These specimens have been presented to the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum in Lincoln's Inn, where they will be accessible to the public. We may remind our readers that this protective mimicry on the part of animals is by no means uncommon, and is noticeable in other marine creatures.

A new apparatus for supplying fresh or rather distilled water to marine boilers has been patented by Mr Girdwood, engineer, of 13 George Street, Leith. The main feature of the invention is a closed vessel in which the salt water is evaporated by means of steam from the boiler, the salt deposited during the process at the bottom of the vessel being discharged through a blow-off cock provided for the purpose. The apparatus is so

designed that the heat employed is used in the most economical manner. A later improvement, which forms the subject of another patent specification by the same author, consists in heating the water used by carrying it through a coil of copper pipe which is associated with the exhaust, so that the heat of the exhaust steam is in this way utilised to advantage. The entire system aims at using up as much as possible of the heat afforded by the fuel employed, and is worth the study of all who are interested in the economical use of steam.

The newspaper report of a destructive conflagration too often ends with the stereotyped formula, 'the cause of the outbreak is unknown.' And the cause necessarily remains unknown, because all evidence of it perishes in the heat and flame. One fertile cause of such disasters we believe is traceable to the juxtaposition of steam-pipes with woodwork, owing to the ignorant idea that such pipes cannot possibly lead to ignition. It is true that the temperature of boiling water is far below that necessary to ignite wood; but steam under pressure can be heated to a far higher degree, and under such circumstances can be very dangerous. A case in point is afforded by some steam-pipes which were recently uncovered by the New York Steam-power Company in order to make room for street subways. These pipes had remained several years undisturbed, and it was now found that where they touched woodwork the wood had been completely charred.

Mr Lawson Tait, a well-known member of the medical profession, has made public an offer of a very meritorious character. Looking over the stock of an old curiosity shop, he found two church brasses, about twenty-two inches in length and six inches in breadth, which had been evidently wrenched from the stone slabs in which they had been originally embedded. They are believed to belong to the end of the fifteenth century. They represent each a female figure, apparently almost a pair, and are clearly of the same metal. Mr Tait is anxious to set a good example to other collectors by expressing a readiness to restore the figures to their original place, provided that place can be found. He will therefore hand them over as a free gift to any clergyman who can prove that they belong to his church; and for ultimate identification he will send rubbings, or take the brasses themselves to the spot indicated.

A new industry is foreshadowed in an invention which is due to Messrs Stevens and Mountfort, of Fielding, New Zealand, by which butter can be preserved without the addition of salt or any antiseptic compound. The process employed is as follows: The butter is placed in tin pans and covered with a lid to which an air-pump can be affixed. This lid is soldered into its place, after which the air is exhausted from the pan, an automatic valve closing the orifice. This orifice, through which the air was pumped out, is now covered with a cap, which is soldered to the lid. Samples of butter preserved under these conditions for three months have been pronounced by experts to be as perfect in condition and as fresh as on the day it was churned. As the price of butter in New Zealand averages fivepence per pound, and as the preserving process is not expensive, there is a large margin for profit. We

understand that samples of this preserved butter will presently arrive in this country, and the result of the enterprise may be looked forward to with interest.

We have received particulars of a new agricultural implement which is very highly spoken of by those who have tried it. This is known as Eddy's Patent Earth Scoop, and its purpose is to quickly gather loose earth and to distribute it in heaps over the surface of the land, an operation previously performed by shovels. In appearance the contrivance looks somewhat like a child's perambulator without wheels, for it has handles at the back by which it is guided over the ground. In front, the receptacle has a cast-steel cutter, which can be easily replaced when it becomes worn by constant use. A horse is attached to the front of the implement, and drags it over the land; and as often as the box becomes full of earth, it is emptied, almost automatically, into a heap, and the work is resumed until enough soil has been gathered to form another heap. The apparatus is very cheap, and represents an important saving of labour.

Much correspondence has recently been published on the subject of Colour-blindness, and the best method of detecting abnormal perception of colour in railway servants and others, to whom the matter is one of first-class importance. This correspondence clearly shows that experts differ in their opinions regarding these questions, and its importance justifies further scientific inquiry. Dr E. Green lately put forward in a paper before the Royal Society a new theory of 'Colour-blindness and Colour-perception.' Much attention has in this way been brought to bear upon what may be looked upon as a not uncommon defect in vision, and it has been stated that the Royal Society will presently appoint a Committee to inquire into the whole subject. The subject is both interesting and important, and some of the more recent results of investigators will be found in an article on Colour-blindness at page 171 of this *Journal* for the present month.

Various plans have from time to time been advocated for increasing the illuminating power of gas, chiefly by admixture with some volatile hydrocarbon, as in the albo-carbon system; or by the employment of some special form of burner, as in the various forms of so-called incandescent gas-lights. But with the exception of the method to be presently described, we know of no efficient plan for carrying out this object by a simple addition to the ordinary fittings of a gas-lamp. This is brought about by the Regenerative Globe Cover, which has been introduced by Messrs Gardner and Son, of Jamaica Street, Glasgow, which we have had an opportunity of testing with highly satisfactory results. The cover consists of a flat plate of asbestos, with a central hole one inch and a half in diameter, covered with a small disc of the same material, which can be drawn over the opening so as to reduce the orifice to any required size. Three studs project from the lower face of the plate near its edge, and these can be so adjusted that they will hold firmly to the inner edge of the gas globe upon which the contrivance rests. The shape of the globe is preferably that of a deep coffee-cup, and specimens of the pattern, made of annealed glass so as to stand a high temperature, are supplied by the patentees.

The result of almost closing in this manner the upper part of the gas globe is to turn it into a combustion chamber, and to supply the burner with highly heated air. The gas burnt under these conditions gives a wonderfully white flame, a great increase of light, amounting, according to the tests made by the Glasgow Gas Corporation, to no less than one hundred and twenty per cent., and absolute steadiness, for no draughts are able to affect the flame. Perfect combustion of this character means that no unconsumed carbon is left to blacken walls and ceilings, and we may also assume that other deleterious products of consumption are eliminated.

Disturbing reports have appeared recently in several of the technical journals with reference to the filtering of water for domestic use, and it has been asserted authoritatively that many of the filters now employed are worse than useless, acting after a few months' employment as culture-beds for those germs which they are designed to eliminate and destroy. The great fault in most filters seems to be in the difficulty of getting at and renewing the filtering medium, which it stands to reason must after a time become charged with effete matter. This renewal cannot be made without reference to the makers, for the filtering medium is as a rule cemented into an inner compartment. This disadvantage is quite obviated in a new pattern of filter which has recently been made by Messrs Mawson, Swan, and Weddell of Newcastle, and which seems to possess qualities of an unusual kind. According to the report of a well-known analyst, the filter, besides separating completely organic matter from water passed through it, also eliminates the whole of the lime and magnesia salts, so that hard water becomes soft. The removal of lead, if present, is also effected. The filtering medium can easily be renewed by inexperienced hands, and the whole of the apparatus can be taken to pieces for cleaning purposes.

On the subject of Ambergris, a correspondent kindly points out that the market values named in a recent article in this *Journal* (February 8) were too low. At an auction sale in London on February 22, ambergris of 'fair-flavoured quality' brought 120s. per oz.; ordinary black and specky, 55s. to 60s.; and a lot of inferior quality, 35s. per oz. For 'fine' ambergris, almost unobtainable at present, 200s. per oz. is quoted in the lists.

SOUTH-AFRICAN SNAKE-BITES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

It would, we presume, be safe to assert that in spite of all modern appliances and helps to scientific methods of research, man has hitherto lamentably failed to discover an infallible cure for snake-poison. As in the cases of hydrophobia and other diseases of a like mysterious nature, the public are from time to time startled by the wide promulgation and unstinted praise of some new so-called specific for snake-bites; but this only lasts for a season, when, lo! the too hastily summed-up verdict is reversed, and the once loudly extolled remedy is allowed quietly

to pass into the limbo of exploded ideas, the knacker's yard of used-up fads.

We will for the present confine ourselves to a few remarks regarding the treatment of snake-bites at the Cape. It is noteworthy that the typical fresh arrival, or 'new chum,' as our Australian cousins designate him, sets his foot on African soil with ludicrously exaggerated ideas as to the prevalence of venomous reptiles. He fully expects, for instance, if he goes up country, especially if he camps out, that the monotony of his journey will occasionally be relieved by such startling incidents of travel as waking up in the morning to find a snake confidently secreted in the folds of his blanket, with a further consignment of one in each boot, to make his hair stand on end when he attempts to pull on those humble though useful peripatetic appendages. As it would be superfluous to dwell on the absurdity of such ridiculous notions, we will pass on to state briefly what are the ordinary specifics used in the colony.

The most common practice with the natives in cases of snake-bite is to kill a black fowl, divide it lengthwise, and apply the separated portions alternately to the wound for the space of about fifteen minutes, or until such time as they think the poison has been absorbed into the body of the fowl. Some tribes use a decoction of the *melk bosch* (wild-cotton plant). This bush exudes a nauseous, viscous, and extremely repellent fluid, which acts as a powerful emetic. It is, however, by no means a reliable remedy; and it appears to be more resorted to from the fact of its being highly offensive and revolting to the taste, than for any other particular reason.

The Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras have a singular and implicit belief in the all-potent efficacy of the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap, a decoction of which is made and given to the patient to drink! This horribly loathsome specific is made by dipping the cap into boiling water; or it is put in a pan of cold water and allowed to remain on the fire until all its virtues are extracted. The more grimy and saturated with perspiration the filthy head-covering is, so in proportion are the virtues of the decoction enhanced. The cap must be that of a snake-doctor—none other will do—one who has obtained his diplomas by a long and arduous novitiate, and has himself become poison-proof. This immunity he obtains by gradually increasing the virulence of the poison inoculations which from time to time he inflicts upon his person. One of the methods adopted by the novice to obtain the desired immunity is to collect a goodly number of scorpions and place them on a bullock hide. He then goes and lies down, and rolls and tumbles about amongst the infuriated insects, which, acting as it is 'their nature to,' are not slow to wreak their vengeance on his nude body. Instances are known of embryo medicos who have actually succumbed to this barbarous method of 'walking the hospitals.'

To come to the European's or white man's remedy: the most popular and widely used is a preparation called 'Croft's Tincture of Life.' Croft was one of the original British settlers of 1820. He had been to India, whence he was said to have brought the recipe to the Cape. During his lifetime he stoutly maintained that its preparation was a profound secret, known only to himself, and discovered by him when resident in India. When he died, he bequeathed the secret to an only daughter, with the most solemn injunctions to keep it inviolate; and further, that she was to 'will' it with the same proviso to her descendants; or, in default of the latter, to her next of kin. Croft made immense profits out of the sale of his 'Tincture of Life,' as he used to charge fifteen shillings for a small bottleful, the ingredients of which did not probably cost him so many halfpence. Of its sterling curative properties there can be no question if used externally, and also internally, within a reasonable period following the infliction of the bite. Time, of course, is everything. If the poison be absorbed for any lengthened period before the application of, indeed, any remedy, the chances of cure are almost nil. As regards the absorption of poison into the system, Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his grand work on the *Thana-tophidia of India*, says: 'That any drug or substance, solid or fluid, that is either swallowed or inoculated, can counteract or neutralise the poison once absorbed and acting on the nerve-centres, I do not believe.'

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Slow dies the wintry day, the winds of March
Break with their icy breath the evening hush,
And snow-clad hills reflect the sunset-flush
That paints with purple all Heaven's western arch;
But, from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours floods of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March.

Thus when our life's drear winter lingers long—
When with the eve there comes no vision sweet
To our sad eyes, and hope has taken wing—
Oh, may some distant strain of seraph-song
Burst forth, and tell us that our faltering feet
Stand on the threshold of a joyous Spring!
J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
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